# A WIFE,

## NOW

## A WIDOWE.

LONDON,
Imprinted for *Laurence L'iſle* dwelling at the Tygres head in Pauls Church-yard.
1614.

R

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## Enco: of the wife a widow.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I haue found occaſion
Honeſt and iuſt; without the worlds perſwaſion
Or flattery or bribery to commend
A woman for her goodneſſe: and God ſend
I may find many more: I wiſh them well,
They are pretty things to play with: when *Eue* fell
She tooke a care that all the wo-menkind
That were to follow her, ſhould be as blind
As ſhe was wilfull; and till this good wife
This peece of vertue that nere tooke her life
From a frayle mothers labor: Thoſe ſtand ſtill
As marginalls to poynt vs to our ill
Came to the world, as other creatures doe
That know no God but will; we learnt to woe,
And if ſhe were but faire and could but kiſſe,
Twenty to one we could not chuſe amiſſe.
And as we Iudge of trees if ſtraight and tall
That may be ſound, yet neuer till the fall

Find how the raine hath drilld them; So till now
We only knew we muſt loue; but not how.
But heere we haue example, and ſo rare,
That if we hold but common ſenſe and care,
And ſteere by this card; he that goes awry
Ile boldly ſay at his natiuity,
That man was ſealde a foole: yet all this good
Giuen as it is, not cloathd in fleſh and blood
Some may auer and ſtrongly twas meere ment
In way of practiſe, but not preſident;
Either will make vs happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this miſterie,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himſelfe a partner for his life,
More then a woman, better then a wife.

## E iuſdem in Eadem.

As from a man the firſt fraile woman came,
The firſt that euer made vs know our ſhame,
And find the curſe of labor; ſo againe
Goodnes and vnderſtanding found a man
To take this ſhame away; and from him ſprung
A peece of excellence without a Tongue
Becauſe it ſhould not wrong vs; yet the life
Makes it appeare a woman and a wife.
And this is ſhe, if euer woman ſhall
Doe good hereafter; borne to bleſſe our fall.

*I. F.*

# Ad Viduam.

Weepe on kinde Soule; and though thou cõmeſt in
Put on Woes habit, Melancholies hewe. (viewe,
A Widowes beautie makes the louelier ſhowe,
When flouds of ſorrow do her Cheekes oreflowe.
The faire Achieuements ſoft Affection beares
Are bleeding Hearts, Eyes euer-dropping Teares.
The Turtle tells thee, Thou ſhouldſt alwaies grone,
And waile thy Mate with ſolitarie mone.
Adde then ſweete Soule no bounds to thy Laments
'Tis fit ſad plaintes ſhould follow ſad euents.
Yet haue a care his name be not reueal'd:
Griefe merits moſt, where it is moſt conceal'd.

Were

## Eiuſdem in Eandem.

Were euery beautie, euery ſeuerall grace,
Which is in Women, in one Womans face,
Some courtly Gallants might, I thinke, come to her,
Which would not wed her, though they ſeem'd to woe her.
Setled Affections follow not the Eye;
Reaſon, and Iudgement, muſt their courſe deſcrie.
Pigmalions Image made of Marble ſtone,
Was lik'd of all; belou'd of him alone.
But heere's a Dame growne husbandleſſe of late,
Which not a Man but wiſheth were his Mate.
So faire without, ſo free from ſpot within,
That Earth ſeemes heere to ſtand exempt from ſin.
Iuno vouchſafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widowe in my Bed.

## Eiuſdem in Eandem.

Beautie affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake eſtate,
Honour illuſtrates what it commeth nie:
To marrie thus men count it happie Fate.
Vertue they think doth in theſe Emblemes ſhroud
But triall ſhewes they are gulled with a Cloud.
Theſe are but Complements; the inward worth,
The outward carriage, geſture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone which ſets a Woman forth:
And in this Woman, theſe haue each a place.
Were all wiues ſuch, This age would happie bee,
But happier that of our Poſteritee.

*D. T.*

Aske

# To the Reader.

Aske not whoſe wife ſhe was, ſince ſhee to all
So kind and curteous is: at euery call
She anſweres you, and me, and euery one:
Her vertue, Beauty, wit, conceales from none
That knowes her; but to ſuch whoſe weake ſpirits
Are not of power to comprehend her merrits,
She proud and ſcornefull is; for which ſhee's gone
A holy voyage, leauing here alone
Her modell: may be ſome kind fate foreſeeing
What ciuill ſtrife might riſe from ſuch a being,
So prompted her, and bad her goe excell,
Only, where ſuch wiues, in *Vtopia* dwell.

Expoſ'd

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Expoſ'd

# To the Booke.

Expoſ'd to all thou wilt leſſe worthy ſeeme
I feare: wiues common, all men diſeſteeme;
Yet ſomethings haue a differing fate: ſome fret
We doubt in wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid medalls ruſt, which being vſd grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night( good
Thou though more common, then maiſt ſeeme more
I onely wiſh thou mayſt be vnderſtood.

*G. R.*

To

## On the Wife.

To make a wife of wit, or meere philoſophie,
And deck her vp with flowers of ſweeteſt poeſie,
Is no hard taske, but ſuch an one of fleſh to finde
Would wearie all the wits and bodies of mankinde,
Since worſe muſt ſerue the turn, thē mē muſt be cō-
To take ſuch as they find, not ſuch as they inuēt. (tēt

This

## Enco: of the wife a widowe.

This perfect Creature, to the Eaſterne vſe
Liu'd, whilſt a wife retir'd from common ſhow:
Not, that her Louer fear'd, the leaſt abuſe,
But with the wiſeſt, knew it fitter ſo:
Since, falne a widowe, and a zealous one,
She would haue ſacrifiz de her ſelfe agen,
But importund to life; is now alone,
Lou'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wiſe ſingle men,
Which, to th'adul'trous reſt, that dare begin
There vſ'd temptations, were a mortall ſinne.

Looke

## To the cleane contrarie wife.

Looke heere: & chide thoſe Spirits, which maintain
  Their Empyre, with ſo ſtrong commaund in you,
  That all good eyes, which do your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them, muſt once ſuſtaine:
O from thoſe Euills, which free Soules diſdaine
  To be acquainted with, (and but perſue
  Worſt Minds) from them (as hatefull, as vntrue,)
By reading this, for Fames faire ſake refraine:
  Who would let feed vpon her byrth, the brood
  Of lightnes, Indiſcretion, and the ſhame
  Of fowle Incontinence, when the baſe blood
  Is careleſſe only of an Honourd Name,
Be all that gentle are, more high Improu'd,
*For looſe Dames are but flatterd, neuer Lou'd.*

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# Enco: of the wife a widow.

LEarne in a mirrour heere, yee fairer kinde
With inward beauties to dreſſe vp the minde:
So pure a modell from the fancie ſprung
Liues only in an able penne or tongue.
A ſubſtance, which if any man obtaine,
The purchaſe muſt be harbored in his braine
By good beleefe. For tis an eaſier ſtint,
Then to finde one, to frame a wife in print.
Whom, what it is (as heere) but to paint well,
The hardnes of the draught doth eaſily tell,
At leaſt to mee, whoſe eunuch braines, oft need
A Commenter to teach mee what I read;
So words muſt be tranſpoſed to hit the right
Of his ſtrõg ſence that brought this worke to light:
Perhaps the Author ment, a wife being wooed,
By none, in all, ſhould once be vnderſtood
Saue by her mate; as being ſo cloſe connext,
That they within themſelues make gloſſe and text

*I. C.*

## On the wife.

WEll haſt thou ſaid, that woman ſhould be (ſuch;
And were there that, had but a third as (much
I would be married too: but th at I know
Not what ſhe is, but ſhould be thou doeſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy widowe be my wife.

*X. Z.*

The

## The Authors Epitaph on the finiſhing of this his wife.

THe Span of my daies meaſur'd, heere I reſt,
That is my body; but my ſoule his gueſt
Is hence aſcended, whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only loue can clime;
Where being now inlightned, Shee doth know
The Truth of all men argue of below:
Only this duſt doth here in Pawne remaine,
That when the world diſſolues ſhe come againe.

## A Wife.

EAch Woman is a briefe of Woman-kinde,
And doth in little euen as much containe,
As in one Day, & Night, all like we finde,
Of either, more, is but the ſame againe,
God fram'd Her ſo, that to Her husband ſhe,
As *Eue*, ſhould all the world of Women be.

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THe Span of my daies measur'd, heere I rest,
That is my body; but my soule his guest
Is hence ascended, whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only loue can clime;
Where being now inlightned, Shee doth know
The Truth of all men argue of below:
Only this dust doth here in Pawne remaine,
That when the world dissolues she come againe.

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And doth in little euen as much containe,
As in one Day, & Night, all like we finde,
Of either, more, is but the ſame againe,
God fram'd Her ſo, that to Her husband ſhe,
As *Eue*, ſhould all the world of Women be.

So fram'd he both, that neither power he gaue,
Vſe of themſelues, but by exchaunge, to make,
Whence in their Face the Fayre no pleaſure haue,
But by reflexe of what thence other take:
Our Lips in their owne Kiſſe no pleaſure find,
Toward their proper Face, our Eyes are blind.

# A VVife.

So God in *Eue* did perfect Man, begun,
Till then in vaine much of himſelfe he had,
In *Adam* God created onely one,
*Eue* and the world to come, in *Eue* he made;
We are two halfes, whiles each from other ſtraies,
Both barren are, ioyn'd both their like can raiſe.

# A Wife.

At firſt both Sexes were in Man combin'de,
Man, a Shee-man did in his body breed,
*Adam* was *Enes*, *Eue* mother of Minkinde,
*Eue* from Lyue-fleſh, Man did from Duſt proceed,
One thus made two, Maryage deth revnite,
And makes them both but one Hermophradite.

Man

## A Wife.

Man did but the well-being of his life
From woman take, her Being ſhe from Man,
And therefore *Eue* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her Sexe began:
Maryage their obiect is, their Being then,
And now Perfection, they receiue from Men.

## A Wife.

Maryage, to all whoſe ioyes two parties bee,
And doubled are by being parted ſo,
Wherein the very acte is chaſtitee,
Whereby two Soules into one Body goe, (bee,
Which makes two one, whiles heere they liuing
And after death in their Poſteritee.

God

# A VVife.

God to each Man a priuate woman gaue,
That in that Center his deſires might ſtint,
That he a comfort like himſelfe might haue,
And that on her his like he might imprint,
Double is Womans vſe, part of their end
Doth on this Age, part on the next depend.

# A Wife.

We fill but part of Time, and cannot die,
Till we the world a freſh ſupply haue lent,
Children are Bodies ſole Eternitie;
Nature is Gods, Arte is Mans inſtrument,
Now all Mans Arte but only dead things makes,
But heerein Man in things of life partakes.

For

A Wife.

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For wandring Luſt I knowe tis infinite,
It ſtill begins, and addes not more to more,
The guilte is euerlaſting, the delight,
This inſtant doth not feele of that before,
The taſte of it is only in the Senſe,
The operation in the Conſcience.

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Woman

# A VVife.

Woman is not Lusts boundes, but Woman kinde,
One is Loues number, who from that doth fall,
Hath lost his hold, and no new rest shall finde,
Vice hath no meane but not to be at all;
A wife is that Enough, Lust cannot finde,
For Lust is still with want, or too-much pinde.

Bate

## A Wife.

Bate Luſt the Sinne, my ſhare is euen with his,
For Not to Luſt, and to Enioy is one,
And more or leſſe paſt, equall Nothing is,
I ſtill haue one, Luſt one at once alone:
And though the woman often chaunged bee,
Yet Hee's the ſame without varietee.

Maryage

## A Wife.

Maryage our Luſt as twere with fuell fire,
Doth with a medicine of the ſame allaye,
And not forbid, but rectifie deſire;
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, my wife I may:
And in the choyce of Her it much doth lye,
To mend my ſelfe in my Poſteritie.

O ra-

# A Wife.

O rather let me Loue, then be in Loue,
So let me chuſe as Wife and Friend to finde,
Let me forget her Sexe when I approue,
Beaſtes likeneſſe lyes in ſhape, but ours in minde:
Our ſoules no Sexes haue, their Loue is cleane,
No Sexe, both in the better part are Men.

But Phiſicke for our luſt their bodies bee,
But matter fit to ſhew our Loue vpon,
But only Shells for our poſteritee,
Their ſoules were giuen leaſt man ſhould be alone;
For but the Soules interpreters words bee,
Without which Bodies are no Companee.

That

# A VVife.

That goodly ſrame we ſee of Fleſh and blood
Their Faſhion is, not weight, it is I ſay
But their Laye-part, but well digeſted foode,
Tis but twixt Duſt, and Duſt, Life's middle way:
The worth of it is nothing that is ſeene,
But only that it holdes a Soule within.

And

# A Wife.

And all the carnall Beautie of my wife,
Is but skinne-deepe, but to two Senſes knowne,
Short euen of Pictures, ſhorter liu'd then Life,
And yet the Loue ſuruiues that's built thereon:
For our Imagination is too highe,
For Bodies when they meete to ſatisfie.

All

# A Wife.

All Shapes all Colours are alike in Night,
Nor doth our Touch diſtinguiſh foule, or faire,
But Mans imagination, and his ſight,
And thoſe but the firſt weeke by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which diffred at firſt viewe,
Nor can that diffrence, Abſence much renewe.

Nor can that Beautie lying in the Face,
But meerely by imagination bee
Enioy'de by vs in an inferior place,
Nor can that Beautie by enioying wee
Make ours become, ſo our deſire growes tame,
We chaunged are, but it remaines the ſame.

# A VVife.

Birth, leſſe then beautie, ſhall my reaſon blinde,
Her birth goes to my Children, not to mee,
Rather had I that actiue gentry finde
Vertue, then paſſiue from her Aunceſtree,
Rather in her aliue one vertue ſee,
Then all the reſt dead in her Pedigree.

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## A Wife.

In the Degrees, high rather bee ſhee plaſte
Of Nature then of Arte, and Pollicee,
Gentry is but a relique of Time-paſte,
And Loue doth only but the preſent ſee; (ſame,
Things were firſt made, thē words, She were the
With, or without, that tytle or that name.

As

As for (the oddes of Sexes) Portione,
Nor will I ſhunne it, nor my ayme it make,
Birth, Beauty, Wealth, are nothing worth alone,
All theſe I would for good Additions take,
Not for Good Partes; thoſe two are ill combinde,
Whom any third thing frō thēſelues hath ioynde.

# A VVife.

Rather then theſe, the obiect of my Loue
Let it be Good, when theſe with vertue goe,
They (in themſelues indifferent,) vertues proue,
For Good (like Fire) turnes all things to be ſo;
Gods Image in Her Soule, ô let me place
My Loue vpon, not *Adams* in Her Face.

Good

# A VVife.

Good, is a fairer attribute then White,
Tis the Mind's beautie keepes the other ſweet,
That's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glaſſe, nor painting can it counterfet,
Nor doth it raiſe deſires which euer tend,
At once to their Perfection, and their End.

# A VVife.

By Good, I would haue Holie vnderſtood,
So God Shee cannot loue, but alſo mee,
The lawe requires our words, and deedes be good,
Religion euen the Thoughts doth ſanctefee:
And ſhee is more a Mayde which rauiſh't is,
Then Shee which only doth but wiſh amiſſe.

Luſt

## A VVife.

Luſt only by Religion is withſtood,
Luſts obiect is aliue, his ſtrength within,
Moralitie reſiſts but in cold blood,
Reſpect of Credit feareth ſhame not ſinne,
But no place darke enough for ſuch offence
She findes, that's watch't by her owne Cõſcience.

Then

Then may I truſt Her Body with her Minde,
And therevpon ſecure neede neuer knowe
The pangs of Iealouſie; and Loue doth finde
More paine to doubt her falſe, then knowe her ſo;
For Patience is of euills that are knowne,
The certaine Remedie; but Doubt hath none.

And be that Thought once ſtirr'd't will neuer die,
Nor will the griefe more milde by Cuſtome proue;
Nor yet amendment can it ſatisfie,
The anguiſh more or leſſe is as our Loue:
This miſerie doth Iealouſie enſue,
That we may proue Her falſe, but cannot True.

Suſpition

# A Wife.

Suſpition may the will of Luſt reſtraine,
But Good preuents from hauing ſuch a will,
A Wife that's Good, doth Chaſte & more containe,
For Chaſte is but an Abſtinence from ill:
And in a Wife that's Badd, although the beſt
Of quallities; yet in a Good the leaſt.

To

## A Wife.

To barre the meanes is Care, not Iealouſee,
Some lawfull things to be auoyded are
When, they occaſion of vnlawfull bee,
Luſt ere it hurts is beſt deſcride afarre,
Luſt is a double ſinne, he that is ſure
Of either part, may be of both ſecure.

Giue

# A VVife.

Giue me next Good, an vnderſtanding Wife,
By Nature wiſe, not learned by much Arte,
Some knowledge on Her ſide will all my life
More ſcope of Conuerſation imparte,
Beſides, Her inborne vertue fortefie,
They are moſt firmely good, that beſt know why.

## A Wife.

A paſſiue vnderſtanding to conceaue,
And Iudgement to diſcerne, I wiſh to finde,
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue,
Learning and pregnant wit in Woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable maketh fraile,
And doth not adde more ballaſte, but more ſaile.

Bookes

## A Wife.

Bookes are a part of Mans prerogatiue,
In formall Inck they Thoughts and Voyces hold,
That wee to them our ſolitude may giue,
And make Time-preſent trauaile that of old,
Our Life Fame peeceth longer at the end,
And Bookes it farther backward doe extend.

Domeſtick

## A Wife.

Domeſtick Charge doth beſt that Sexe befit,
Contiguous buiſnes, ſo to fixe the Minde,
That Leaſure ſpace for Fancies not admit,
Their Leaſure tis corrupteth Woman-kinde,
Elſe being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to heau'n a ſhorter cut then wee.

As good, and knowing, let her be Diſcreete,
That to the others weight, doth Faſhion bring,
Diſcretion doth conſider what is Fit,
Goodneſſe but what is lawfull, but the Thing
Not Circumſtances; Learning is and wit,
In Men but curious follie without it.

## A VVife.

To keepe their Name when 'tis in others hands
Diſcretion askes, their Credit is by farre
More fraile then They, on likelihoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſprou'd Luſt's ſlaunders are,
Their Carriage, not their Chaſtetie alone,
Muſt keepe their Name chaſte from ſuſpitione.

# A Wife.

Womens Behauiour is a ſurer barre
Then is their Noe: that ſurely doth denie
Without denying, thereby kept they are
Safe euen from Hope; in part too blame is ſhee,
Which hath without conſent bin only tride;
He comes too neare, that comes to be denide.

Now

## A Wife.

Now ſince a Woman wee to Marry are,
A Soule, and Body, not a Soule alone,
When one is Good, then be the other Fayre,
Beautie is Health, and Beautie both in one,
Be Shee ſo faire as ſin can yeeld no gaine,
So faire as Shee moſt Women elſe containe.

# A VVife.

At leaſt ſo Faire let mee imagine Her,
That thought to mee is Truth; Opinion
Cannot in matter of opinion erre;
With no Eyes ſhall I ſee her but mine owne,
And as my Fancie Her conceiues to bee,
Euen ſuch my Senſes both, doe Feele, and See.

The

# A Wife.

The Face we may the ſeate of Beautie call,
In it the reliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay eu'n a figure of the Minde withall:
And of the Face the Life moues in the Eye,
No things elſe being two ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they two but in Number bee.

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## A Wife.

Beautie in decent ſhape, and Colours lies,
Colours the matter are, and ſhape the Soule,
The Soule which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the whole,
And is a meere ſpirituall harmonie,
Of eu'ry parte vnited in the Eye.

Loue

## A Wife.

Loue is a kinde of Superſtition,
Which feares the Idoll which it-ſelfe hath fram'd,
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his owne
Temper, then from the obiect is enflam'd;
Beauty is Loues obiect, Woman Luſt's, to gaine
Loue Loue deſires, Luſt only to obtaine.

No

# A Wife.

No circumſtance doth Beautie beautifie,
Like gracefull Faſhion, natiue Comelineſſe,
Nay euen gets pardon for Deformitie;
Arte cannot it beget, but may encreaſe,
When Nature had fixt Beautie perfect made,
Something ſhee left for Motion to adde.

But

But let that Faſhion more to Modeſtee
Tend, then Aſſurance; Modeſtie doth ſet
The Face in his iuſt place, from Paſſions free,
Tis both the Mindes, and Bodies Beautie met;
But Modeſtie no vertue can wee ſee,
That is the Faces only Chaſtitee.

Where

# A VVife.

Where goodnes failes, twixt ill and ill that ſtands,
Whence tis that women, though they weaker bee,
Aud their deſires more ſtrong, yet on their hands
The Chaſtitie of men doth often lie:
Luſt would more common be then any one,
Could it like other ſinnes be done alone.

All

# A VVife.

All theſe good parts a Perfect woman make,
Adde Loue to mee, they make a Perfect Wife,
Without Her Loue, Her Beauty ſhould I take
As that of Pictures, dead, that giues it life:
Till then Her Beauty like the Sunne doth ſhine
Alike to all, that makes it only mine.

And

And of that Loue, let Reaſon Father bee,
And Paſſion Mother; let it from the one
His Being take, the other his Degree;
Selfe-loue (which ſecond Loues are built vpon,)
Will make mee (if not Her) her Loue reſpect;
No Man but fauours his owne worths effect.

As

## A Wife.

As Good, and wife, ſo bee Shee Fit for mee,
That is, To will, and Not to will the ſame,
My Wife is my Adopted-Selfe, and Shee
As Mee, ſo what I loue, to Loue muſt frame,
For when by Marriage both in one concurre,
Woman conuerts to Man, not Man to Her.

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